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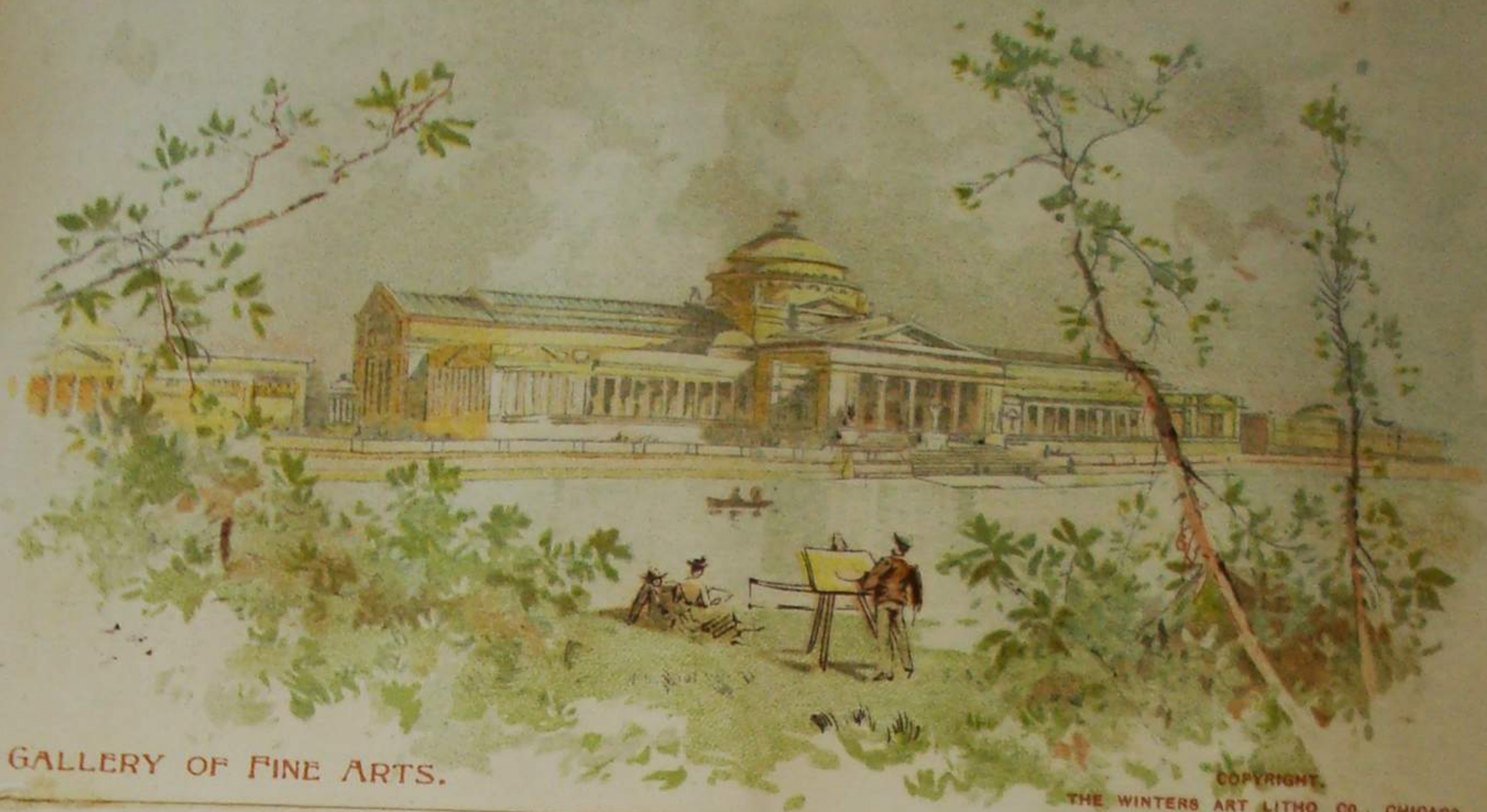


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117.	— Warranty Deed, with Covenant against Nuisances, without			
	CHURCH	.	.	458
118.	Not the lofty spire on Main Street,	.	.	460
119.	Not the organ's mighty peal,	ion	.	461
	But a life of Love reflected—			
	That's the church we should reveal.			

—Melissa R. Foulke



GALLERY OF FINE ARTS.

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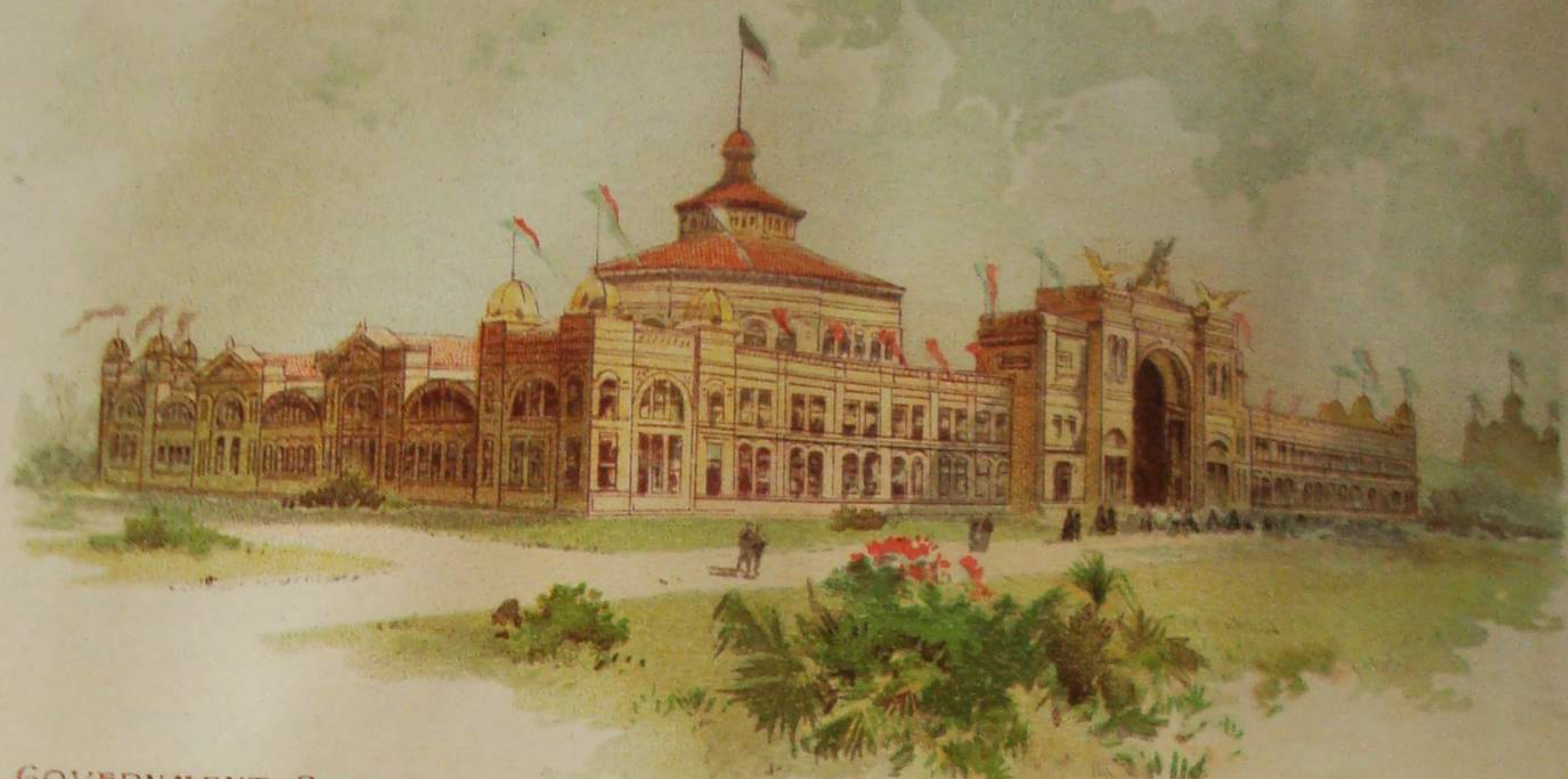
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TITHING.

Though unpopular with the majority of Christian people, the subject of tithing is most important and worthy of our consideration.

Nothing tests the volume and quality of spiritual life more than the manner and measure of our giving. This is the most vital point pertaining to the consecration and power of individual Christians and the church at large. Both are too often missing the blessing, the sign of God's favor, by withholding for self that which rightfully belongs to God. "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me in tithes and offerings." The command "Bring ye all the tithes" of Mal. 3, 10, is familiar to every Bible student.

When God was leading his chosen people he gave them commandment as to everything pertaining to their temporal and spiritual interest, requiring everyone to bring a tithe or one tenth of all their increase for the Lord's work. While Israel obeyed and gave her tithes she was accepted of Him, and the Lord blessed her abundantly, but when Israel commenced to wander away she neglected her tithes and was punished for it.

If God's chosen people were punished for withholding the tithe, what less can we expect if we do likewise. Truly this was under the old dispensation, but did not Christ come to "fulfil the law." The new law is the law of love. Does not "loving the Lord with all our heart" imply as much?

If God's chosen people were compelled to give one tenth, "the first fruits of all their increase," to meet his approval how can we, "a chosen people, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people," escape if we neglect to pay the tithe due Him. Did not Christ say to the Pharisee, who was scrupulously careful to tithe everything, "this ought ye to do?"

Giving is the very essence of Christianity: "Unless ye forsake all ye cannot be my disciple." Are we forsaking all while withholding that which is so necessary to the promotion of his kingdom. The old Testament principle of giving is taught in 1 Cor. 16:2: "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as the Lord has prospered." Paul also writes in the same epistle, "See that ye abound in this grace also. . . To prove the sincerity of your love. . . For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor that ye through His poverty might be rich." If we have not the spirit of Christ we are none of His. Are we willing to become poor for His sake, that His kingdom may advance and spread over all the world?

In Christ we have a perfect example of a benevolent life. He gave his all for others. We who are striving to walk in His steps cannot afford to be ungenerous. Let us open our hearts and let the sunshine in. One of the great windows of the soul opens through the pocket book. A wealthy layman once said, "One of the best

things that ever happened to me was the raising of my weekly subscription to the church by the official board from ten cents to one dollar." The joy of giving is known only by those who give bountifully and freely.

There are many advantages of the tithing system:

1 We honor God by giving to him first.

2 As we lay by one-tenth when there is no demand, we give to God rather than to a cause. If we depend upon impulse today we may depend upon repulse tomorrow.

3 God's word teaches system and as we continue to give the blessings continue to flow.

4 The poor may give as much as the rich. The very poorest may always have a mite to give.

5 All help to bear the financial burden of the church.

6 It makes us feel that we are truly God's stewards. How blessed to transact business for and with the Lord, and should we not keep as strict account with Him as with our fellow men. How unjust for one to pay a debt of \$100 to a fellow man with \$1, yet many are treating their Lord in like manner. "The silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord." We should give at least one tenth

7 Because God commands it.

8 Because the world needs it.

Christians cannot find a better method for sharing earnestly and bountifully "each other according to his several ability" in the mission for which Christ died and for which the church was established,

—the salvation of the world. The opportunity of blessing the world by means of consecrated moneys were never so great as now. The way is open to tell the glad tidings of great joy to nearly every nation on the globe. Men and woman filled with the spirit of the Master are consecrating their lives. What is our duty when the harvest is white and laborers are ready. Shall the work languish when God so plainly shows his approval. We who cannot go may manifest the Christ spirit in consecrating our substance to this the worthiest cause ever known, that of bringing a lost world back to Christ. Our work in benighted lands is progressing grandly and nobly, but yet there are millions of our fellow creatures who have not heard of the world's Redeemer. Christ died for every one of these and he has given to us the blessed privilege of being co-laborers with Him in accomplishing the great mission of the atonement. Millions are crying for the gospel. Can any Christian heart refuse to give? Our work is not in Jerusalem alone, but to the uttermost parts of the earth. It is not sufficient that we support our home preachers and give a little to the various benevolent causes as presented. How selfish and unchristianlike would be such a course.

Are we not praying daily "Thy Kingdom come?" How we, as a mighty band of Christ's followers, might speed that coming by surrendering the tithe due Him. "They that be wise shall shine as

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the brightness of the firmament and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

It is the self sacrifice of missionaries at home and abroad and the bread winners who support them that command the blessing and make us like Him, "who went about doing good."

When we reach the heavenly kingdom should we meet there a christian worker whose work our consecrated money had made possible, and we see the throngs that have been led out of the darkness of sin into light, washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, through their efforts, will not our cup of joy be running over? Is it not worth the sacrifice?

We are put to shame by the generous giving of heathen converts. Converts in China pay 86½ cents per capita for missions while our members at home only pay 15½ cents. At a college in Ceylon a band of students so poor that sixteen occupied one room, spent their spare time cultivating bananas for the support of a former graduate on a neighboring island where he organized a school which developed into a church. They planned to send him from place to place to publish the wonderful story. They also instructed their cook to save every tenth handful of rice that they might sell it for this cause.

At a recent conference in Kucheng City upon presentation of a tithing pledge two hundred people fairly crowded each other in their eagerness to register their names. All native preachers pre-

sent, teachers, students, business and laboring men were among the number. On returning to their churches, each preacher presented same to their people and added scores of other names. The depth of this consecration is better realized when we remember that their salary is often too scant to provide sufficient food and clothing for their families, yet with faith in God they joyfully pledge one tenth for his work.

Should not the love of Christ constrain us who are favored above all people with Gospel privileges to do as much? We only begin to realize the value of our possessions and really enjoy them when we begin to use them for others.

If we would place on God's altar the one tenth He requires, He would surely bless the remaining nine-tenths. Such a life has a right to expect the blessing of Heaven materially as well as spiritually. "He that soweth bountifully shall also reap bountifully." Many examples might be cited to prove this text. Are we not guilty of unbelief when we stagger at his promises? Can we fear want and poverty with the promise: "So shall thy barns be filled with plenty and thy presses burst forth with new wine?"

"Trust in the Lord and do good so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed."—

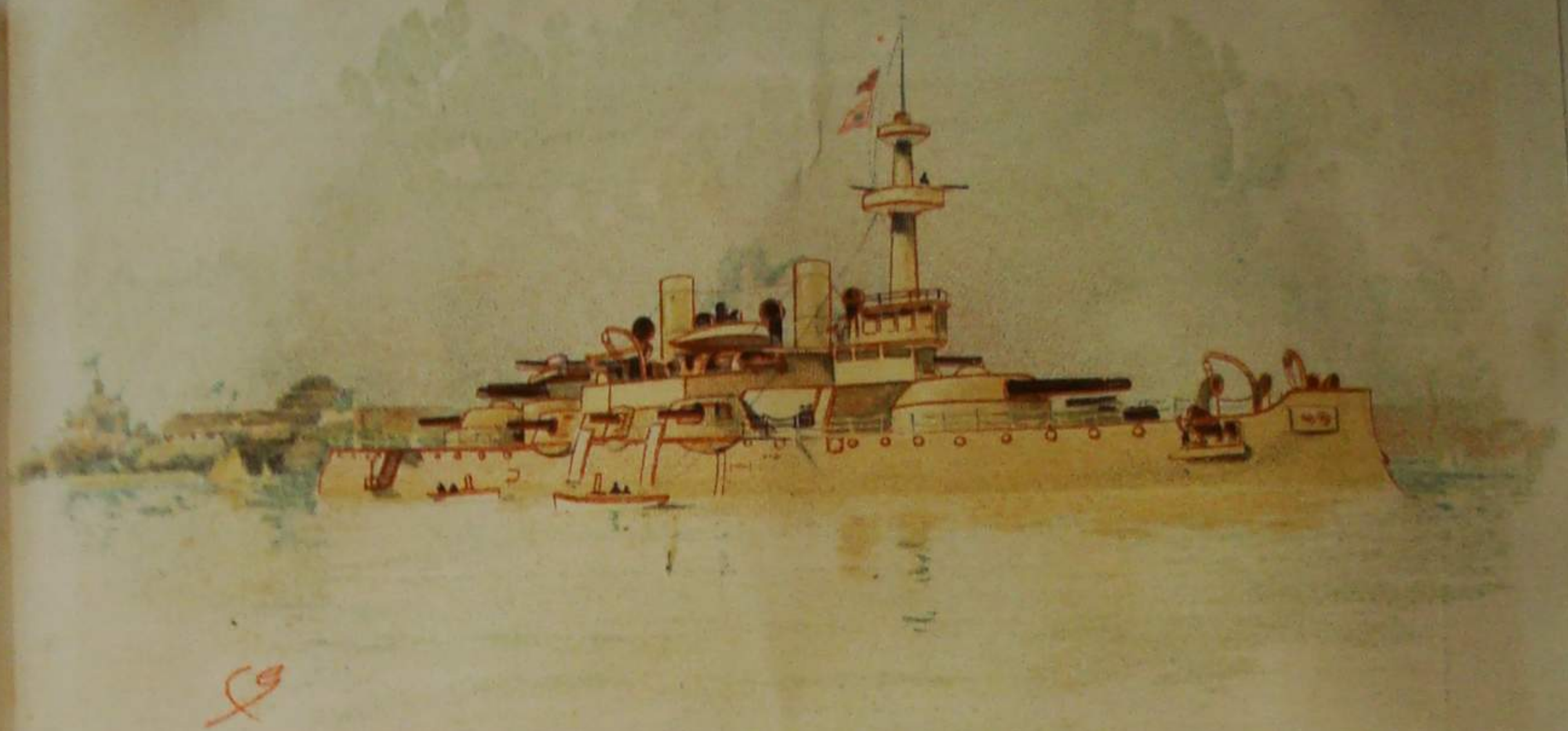
"The liberal soul shall be made fat and he that watereth shall be watered again." Surely we have abundant evidence of God's approval of this system. Then let

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over the indorsement an order to pay to himself. Indorsements are either *indorsements in blank*, by which is meant the name of the indorser and nothing more, or *indorsements in full*, which are so called when over the name of the *indorser* is written, "pay to A B." (By A B we mean the name of the person to whom the note or bill is indorsed.) These two kinds of indorsements are fully explained subsequently in section VI. of this chapter. A note to the order of the promisor himself, and indorsed by him in blank, is therefore

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Miss Elva Bird

A pretty
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MARRIAGE VOWS

Miss Elva Bird Becomes the Wife of W. H. R. Terry.

A pretty wedding was celebrated at the Pocahontas House, last Thursday, February 20, 3-30, p. m., when the beautiful daughter of Mr and Mrs Uriah Bird, Miss Elva Bird, became the bride of Mr W. H. R. Terry, a popular and well known railroad man.

It was precisely half past three when the immediate family of the bride and four or five invited friends assembled in the parlor of the Pocahontas House to witness the very interesting ceremony. Rev G. W. Nickell, pastor of the Presbyterian church, now advanced and handed a small packet to Rev H. Lawson, of the M. E. Church South, who arose and bowed. This caused a deep hush to fall over the little group and directly the groom entered with the bride upon his arm, and Rev Mr Lawson proceeded with the ceremony with a dignity and a solemnity becoming the occasion. — When he had pronounced the last solemn injunction and extended his congratulations, first to the bride and then to her happy husband, it was noticed that the mother of the bride remained in the back ground. After a brief pause the bride approached her now weeping mother, embraced and kissed her tenderly. This little scene, although quite dignified and proper, was touching to see, and it was noticed that the bride's father was visably affected. The silent tears of loving parents are always a most eloquent appeal to a new son-in-law in behalf of a newly married child.

After congratulations from all present, Mr Terry and his bride took a hack and drove to the station, where a large number of friends had assembled to greet them with best wishes and rice.— The few minutes before time were taken up by taking leave of many interested and sincere friends.

The train has come and they are wafted away to their new home in Clifton Forge, Va. May peace and perfect happiness greet them there and attend them through life.

Miss Elva Bird is a daughter of Mr and Mrs Uriah Bird, of Marlinton. She is twenty years old, is well and pleasantly known in Marlinton and Pocahontas County. She is fair complected and very pretty.

No railroad man is better known or more popular than W. H. R. Terry. He came to West Virginia in 1875, soon after the C. and O main line was completed, and settled at Talcott. He was the competent foreman of the bridge builders until the Greenbrier Division was put under way, when he was promoted to Superintendant of Bridges and Building, which position he held until the first of the year when he was promoted to the same office on the James River Division of the C. and O. railway, having charge from Clifton Forge to Richmond.

A FRIEND.

One of the most beautiful weddings of the season transpired at 12 o'clock, a. m., February 19, 1902, when Miss Daisie Sharp and Mr. Christopher Dilley; were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. O. B. Sharp. After a most sumptuous dinner was served the happy couple left for the home of the groom near Glade Hill, where a bountiful supper was given late in the evening. The bride is the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Sharp of Frost, and is a very popular young lady. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Dilley of Glade Hill, and is a prosperous young farmer. We wish them a long and successful life and may all their troubles be little ones.

W. A.



IN MEMORIAM

If I Should Die Tonight.

"If I should die to-night;
My friends would look upon my quiet
face,
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost
fair,
Would smooth it down with tearful
tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering ca-
ress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-
night!

"If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with
loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had
wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had
said,
The memory of my selfishness and pride
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned
to-night.

"If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once
more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with arrested
glance,
would look upon me as of yore, per-
chance,
And soften in the old familiar way—
For who could war with dumb, uncon-
scious clay?
So I might rest forgiven of all to-night.

"Oh friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold
brow!
Think gently of me—I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with ma-
ny a thorn.

Forgive, oh hearts estranged! forgive,
I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall
not need

The tenderness for which I long to-
night!"—Selected.

In loving remembrance of Bes-
sie Keyser who died at her home
at Masters, Va., on February, 9,
1902, aged 17 years:

Ye parents, mourning o'er your
dead,
Say not all earthly hopes are fled,
But raise your heads, lift up your
eyes,
And view a scene above the skies.
In that fair land no tears are shed,
None bow in anguish o'er their
dead;
And Bessie's spirit freed from
care,
Lives happy and rejoices there.

True, she was loved and lovely
here,
She filled her parents' hearts with
cheer;
But lovelier far behold her now,
With light of Heaven upon her
brow.

Youthful she was to tread death's
vale,
So young for flesh and heart to
fail;
But Jesus gave his loved one
sleep,
And she awakes where none will
weep.

Then comfort! parents, rise and
smile,
To Heaven, is but a little while;
And Bessie's only gone before,
To meet you on that happy shore!

SUSIE J. CRISER

Marlinton, W. Va.

a good defence; and so it would be
if a distant indorsee has notice or
e, that it was made without con-
it against the maker, unless it was
intended as a gift.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Minnie D. Fultz, beloved wife of Rev. C. M. M. Fultz, departed this life September 19th, 1901, at the late residence of her father, Mr. F. Dever, on Knapps Creek, Pocahontas County, W. Va., aged 31 years, 1 month and 20 days, having been born July 29th, 1870.

She was married to Rev. C. M. M. Fultz on the 21st day of November, 1894.

She leaves a beloved husband and a bright little son aged above five years, to mourn her loss, as well as a large number of relatives, friends and acquaintances; but their loss is her eternal gain.

At the age of fifteen years she embraced religion, and continued a faithful christian until the end of her life, always demonstrating in her life, character and social relations, that refined, elevated, uplifting and pure christian character, which is so commendable and praiseworthy in life's struggle for victory. She was very strongly attached to the people living in the vicinity of the parsonage, located near the Morgan Memorial Church, in Greenbrier County, and requested that her body be buried there, which was done on Saturday, the 21st inst., in the presence of a large concourse of sympathising friends, the writer of these lines officiating.

Her life and intercourse with all with whom she came in contact, was of the most conservative and refined character, and in its work resulted in a complete victory over death, dying as she did, with one of life's slow destroyers, she had full opportunity to set her house in order, and talked of and made arrangements of her affairs with as much calmness and serenity as if she was only going on a journey, and when very near the end she was asked by her husband how the future then appeared to her, she replied with a smile on her countenance: "It is all sunshine; I am ready. Tell my friends at Morgan Memorial they will know where to find me."

Life's partings are sad, but are largely relieved by the consoling truths based on the Christian religion, as enjoyed by those who humbly and faithfully live by its precepts. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."—Ps. 116: 15.

G. P. M.

Ronceverte News please copy.

B. T. DIXON KILLED

In a Freight Wreck at Caldwell on the Greenbrier Railway.

The Train Hits a Boulder and the Engine and Tender Leave the Track, Rolling into River, Killing Trainmaster Dixon and Fatally Injuring Fireman. Engineer Escapss.

The down freight train on the Greenbrier Division ran into a rock upon the track at the Beard place between Hunter and Whitcomb, Tuesday afternoon.

The Engine and tender left the track and went into the river. On the engine were Trainmaster Dixon, Engineer Littlepage and Fireman Daniel Sherwood. Mr Dixon was caught by the tender and crushed. He died at Clifton Forge Hospital Wednesday morning at 2 a. m.

Daniel Sherwood sustained injuries thought to be fatal. Engineer Littlepage jumped clear of the wreck and was not injured.

Mr Dixon has a host of friends in Pocahontas County. He was one of the railway company's most efficient officials, and was untiring in his work in the interest of this division and the county identified with it. In his death we feel that the community in which we live has lost one of its most useful men.

Mrs Lucy Curry.

On Wednesday morning, July 30, 1901, Mrs Lucy Curry, wife of Hon Wm Curry, of Huntersville, died after a tedious illness and intense suffering aged fifty-nine years. Her disease was cancerous affection of the throat complicated with tuberculosis tendencies, so malignant and rapid as to baffle the best available medical attention at home and abroad.

Mrs Curry by common consent was regarded as a model character in all the relations of life and her decease is looked upon as a calamity to her home and her neighborhood.

The late Mrs Kate Moore, of Knapps Creek, Mrs Mary McNeel, Academy, Mrs Lillie Wade, of Highland County, and Mr Sherman Curry, of Huntersville, are her children.

Mr and Mrs Curry were married about 40 years ago, and "she did her husband good and not evil" all those years, as he testified with a broken heart and flowing tears. He has no recollection of ever seeing her temper ruffled or hearing one unkind word spoken by her.

From her early youth she was a professing Christian and hers, to a remarkable degree, was the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. It is a most wonderful privilege to have lived a life like hers, to be a model pupil at school, a model daughter at home, during childhood and early youth, then an ornament to society as an attractive Christian young lady, then become a model mother and home-keeper.

In her sweet earnest way she assured her husband who had been for so many years all the world, as it were to her. She testified there was nothing in her way between her and her Savior and there was nothing to be feared. Sweetly as a tired child falls to sleep in a lov-

ing mother's care, God gave this beloved daughter a repose in Jesus, calmed all fears, soothed all sorrowful regrets and called her to Himself when the supreme moment came. With the record of a life so pure and beautiful, and dying hours so calm and peaceful, no wonder husband, children, relatives and fondly attached friends should

"In Heaven hope to meet her
When the day of life is fled,
And there with joy to greet her
Where no farewell tear is shed."

W. T. P.

Mrs C B Swecker

The sudden decease of this widely known lady was announced in last week's Times respecting whom the following particulars are given in refence to her personal history:

Mrs Swecker was the youngest daughter of Col. Benjamin F. Jackson, who now resides in East Rockingham, Virginia. She was born at Doe Hill, May 16, 1854. Her mother was a lineal descendant of Capt. Samuel Wilson, who was slain in the Battle of Point Pleasant, October 10, 1874.

As above stated Mrs Nebraska Swecker died at her home at Dunmore March 18, 1902, aged 47 years, 10 months and 2 days. For many years her health was precarious and finally she died of paralysis superinduced by the effects of Bright's disease. Quite a while since she professed a change of heart and united with the M. E. Church and was a communicant in the pale of that church until the time of her lamented death. She was a zealous Sunday School worker for many years and was an enthusiastic performer on the organ in church services.

She is survived by her husband, Capt. C. B. Swecker and one son, Kemp B. Swecker, three sisters, Mrs W. H. Cackley, Mrs Divers McElwee, of Driscol, and Mrs John Noel, of Dunmore, and five brothers, well known citizens.

W. T. P.

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I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY
AGAIN!

I shall not pass this way again!
The thought is full of sorrow;
The good I ought to do to-day
I may not do to-morrow.
If I this moment shall withhold
The help I might be giving,
Some soul may die, and I shall lose
The sweetest joy of living.

Only the present hour is mine—
I may not have another
In which to speak a kindly word,
Or help a fallen brother.
The path of life leads straight ahead;
I can retrace it never;
The daily record which I make
Will stand unchanged forever.

To cheer and comfort other souls,
And make their pathways brighter;
To lift the load from other hearts,
And make their burdens lighter,
This is the work we have to do—
It must not be neglected.
That we improve each passing hour,
Is of us all expected.

I shall not pass this way again!
O! then with high endeavor
May I my life and service give
To Him who reigns forever.
Then will the failures of the past
No longer bring me sadness.
And his approving smile will fill
My heart with joy and gladness.

—Rev. W. R. Fitch, in Northern Christian Advocate.

Sherman H. Clark Dead.

A telegram came Tuesday afternoon saying that Sherman H. Clark had died at 1 o'clock p. m. that day in a Richmond hospital, where he had gone to be operated on for a stone in the bladder. The operation was performed several weeks ago, and was thought to have been very successful as he rallied remarkably well for a man of his years.

Mr Clark was probably the richest man in the county, and a man of much influence, being prominent in county affairs. He was a member of the Hillsboro Presbyterian church of many years standing. He was about 71 years old, and is survived by a wife and one child, Mrs Lee Beard. Full life sketch next week.

PSALM OF MARRIAGE.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Tell me not in idle jingle,
"Marriage is an empty dream!"
For the girl is dead that's single,
And girls are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
Single blessedness a fib!
"Man thou art, to man returnest!"
Has been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each tomorrow
Finds us nearer marriage-day.

Life is long, and youth is fleeting,
And our hearts, though light and gay,
Still like pleasant drums are beating
Wedding marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb-driven cattle!
Be a heroine—a wife—

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act to the living Present!
Heart within and hope ahead!

Lives of married folks remind us
We can make our lives as well,
And, departing, leave behind us
Such examples as shall "tell."

Such example that another,
Wasting time in idle sport,
A forlorn unmarried brother,
Seeing, shall take heart and court.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart on triumph set,
Still contriving, still pursuing,
And each one a husband get.

able to his own order, and in-
very common in our commercial
a bill or note can transfer it by
endorsement to make it negotiable
in order, if not indorsed by him,
against him. But there is some dis-
holder of such note may sue the
endorsement, of a bill or note pay-

"What did Miss Antique do when she
was finally successful in finding a man
under her bed—send for a policeman?"
"No: she sent for a minister."

People Will Talk

BY BLUE G. BARD.

Yes, people will talk,
The saying is true—
They talk about me,
And they talk about you.

If we go to the opera,
Some one will say
We "should go to church
And learn how to pray."

If we go to church
And offer up prayers,
They say we are hypocrites
And putting on airs.

If we are rich,
They call us a thief,
Scoff at our sorrows,
And laugh at our grief.

If we are poor,
They say that we shirk,
Were always lazy
And never would work.

They talk of our prospects
They talk of our past,
And if we are happy,
They say it can't last.

They talk of our loved ones,
They talk of our foes,
They talk of our follies,
They talk of our woes.

They talk of our joys,
They talk of our fears,
They talk of our smiles,
They talk of our tears.

They talk if we're single,
And they talk if we wed,
They talk of us living,
And will talk of us dead.

Tho' we live like an angel,
With circumspect walk,
Our efforts are useless—
For people will talk.

Erlington, Ky., Dec. 12, 1902.

A Beautiful Wedding.

SIPLET—GIBSON: On Wednesday, September 18th, 1901, at 12 m., one of the prettiest events of the season transpired at Mt. Vernon Church, when Mr. Joseph Siple and Miss Brassie Gibson were happily united in the bonds of holy wedlock, by Revs. H. Lawson and C. C. Arbogast, officiating ministers.

The bride and groom were attended by Mr. William Gibson and Miss Gertie Yeager; Mr. Robert Oliver and Miss Bertie Gibson; Mr. Samuel Sheets and Miss Nannie Warwick; Mr. Frank Patterson and Miss Lilly Rider.

Miss Lucy Rider very gracefully presided at the organ and rendered a beautiful wedding march.

The groom is a prosperous, energetic young farmer of Greenbrier, and the bride is a daughter of the late Samuel L. Gibson—a highly respect young lady.

After the marriage was performed and congratulations extended, the happy couple repaired to the hospitable home of the Gibson Bros., where a bounteous repast had been prepared by the skillful hands of Misses Blanche Hively, Mary Warwick and others, which was partaken of, and much enjoyed by about 40 persons. Afterward, the happy couple, attended by a number of friends, started for the home of Captain George Siple, where a kindly reception was given, and where the newly married couple will make their future home.

We regret very much to lose this young lady friend from our society, but we are glad to know she has gone to adorn and beautify the home of one whom we believe is worthy of her.

May their lives be long and happy, is the wish of O. B. S.
Frost, W. Va.

OUR SORROW AND OUR SHAME

As I write this the last sad funeral rites are being performed over our honored and beloved President. Mingled with our grief for the loss of a great and good man—and what loss could be greater?—is shame and humiliation that the one who most nearly represented our ideal of American manhood and leadership should be shot down by a cowardly assassin. No President has had greater problems to deal with; none have brought a clearer head to see the justice of both sides, or a firmer determination to render justice, than President McKinley. Probably no one had a higher conception of the ultimate destiny of the race, of the community, of interests of the nations of the world, than he. His closing sentences at the Exposition are indicative of the man and prophetic of the times which we see in part only, but which he saw clearly. "Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of the earth."

"He is dead. We have lost him; he is gone; We know him now; all narrow jealousies Are silent; and we see him as he moved, How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise, With what sublime repression of himself, And in what limits, and how tenderly."

But while our sorrow for our and the world's great loss is keen, his unhappy taking-off forces upon us duties and considerations that we have too long neglected. No one for a moment dreams that the blow was directed at the President only. The universal love and esteem in which he was held precludes such an assumption. It was struck at the institutions which he represented. It was the cowardly vindictiveness of a class whose policy is destruction. Who would annihilate all government, all law, all order, who hate with an unreasoning and ferocious hatred all representatives of an advanced civilization. The assassin will be put to death. If we are wise, little notoriety—the food on which this class of minds feed—will be given him or his accomplices. Maulin sympathy that

seeks a cheap notoriety will be frowned upon. So far as is possible anarchy will be stamped out. Yet with all these things accomplished we have but made a faint beginning.

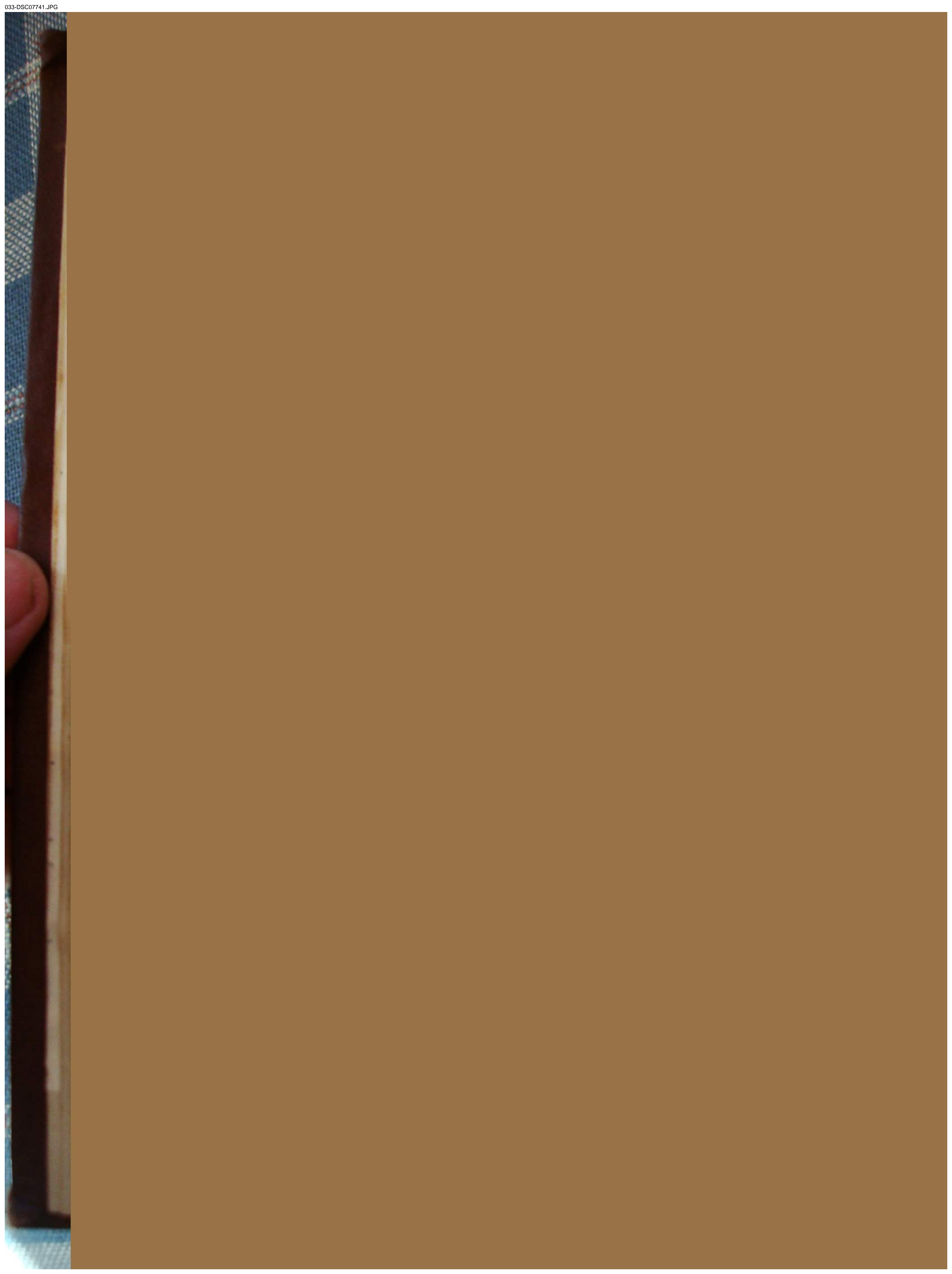
We may practically banish anarchists, but that destroys not their existence. It only removes them a short distance from us. They are ready at any time to strike terror to the world by another brutal assault upon a nation's ruler. Let us stop making anarchists and encouraging anarchism.

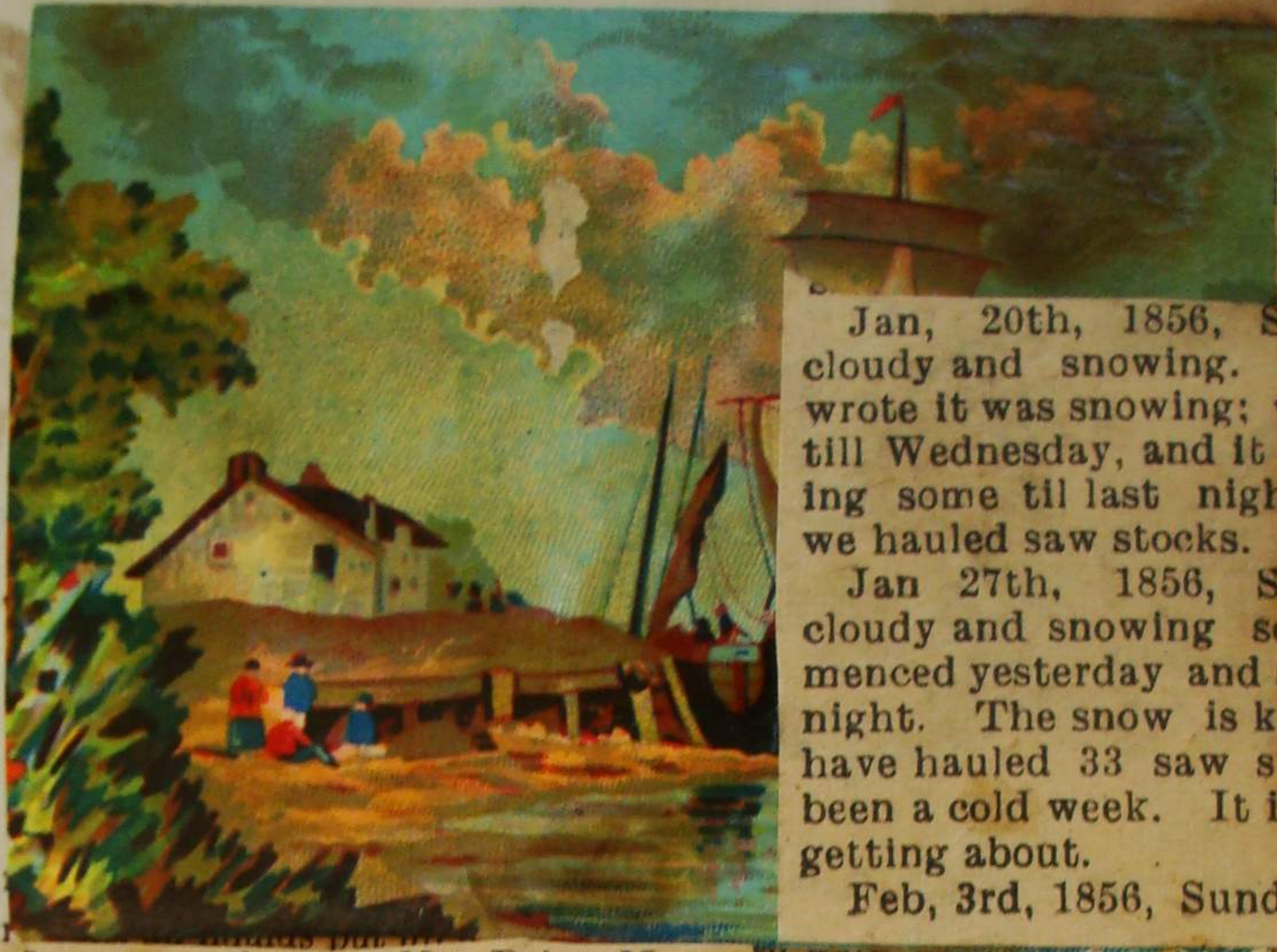
We have a certain class of newspapers that seek to render contemptible and despicable the party to which they are opposed. It matters not how upright the man, how pure his motives in supporting a certain policy; if he happens to differ from these journals then is he subject to the most violent and dastardly abuse. His motives are impinged, his honor called in question, his whole life villified because of a difference in opinion. A man kills another, and suffers the death penalty. But this incendiary journalism, too cowardly to strike a mortal blow, stimulates distrust and hatred and incites others to do the bloody deed their own cowardice prevents them from doing. They mistake liberty and freedom of the press for license and excess. The leniency of our laws and the submission of our people to their cowardly assaults are an incentive to more villainous abuse. They glory in the stigma, "yellow journalism."

It is right and just that the acts of public officials be held up to scrutiny; but it is inimical to the best interests of our country that the mistakes and blunders that all fallible men make should be ascribed to the lowest motives. It is criminal to render mean and contemptible the agents of vested authority.

Nor are the distinctively "yellow journals" the only sinners. It has grown to be a common practice, from the great metropolitan daily to the little country weekly, to make the announcement of a man's name for office the signal for attack upon his manhood. A man who has hitherto lived an upright and exemplary life, who has secured the esteem and respect of his fellow-citizens, when he asks for their support is immediately made the target for all sorts of attack.

The better class of journals see the dangers that confront us, and have issued their warning. Shall it be in vain? Will it need another martyred President, a senator or two, a governor, perhaps, to teach our people the right





Some months ago Mrs Price Moore of Knapps Creek, loaned me a diary kept by her father in law, the late Washington Moore. He wrote his log up on Sundays, and the two books cover a period of about ten years in the late fifties and early sixties. This week I will copy his weekly notes, beginning on—

Sunday, December 9, 1855 It is cloudy and raining. It has been fine weather. I have fed but twice yet. I am drying a bill of plank for the church. Today is the time of the meeting at Arbogast's.

(That bill of plank probably was for the Huntersville church as it was building that year.

Dec. 30th, 1855—It is partly clear and very cold. Yesterday it sleeted and snowed some; there has been very little snow this winter. I have hauled very little wood yet.

Jan 6, 1856, Sunday—It is clear and a little smoky. It has been a cold week. Last Wednesday night it snowed and rained. Thursday I killed two coons. Yesterday it snowed all day. The snow is about four inches deep. It is getting cloudy. I have a tolerable supply of wood.

Jan 13th, 1856, Sunday—It is partly cloudy and snowing some. The past week has been very cold. Yesterday it snowed all day, and the snow is nearly knee deep.

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nk-bills, and
aken upon a
Jan, 20th, 1856, Sunday—It is cloudy and snowing. When I last wrote it was snowing; well it snowed till Wednesday, and it has been thawing some till last night, Yesterday we hauled saw stocks.

Jan 27th, 1856, Sunday—It is cloudy and snowing some, It commenced yesterday and snowed all last night. The snow is knee deep. We have hauled 33 saw stocks. It has been a cold week. It is very slavish getting about.

Feb, 3rd, 1856, Sunday—It is part

ly clear and very cold. It has been very cold week It has been very cold for six weeks and ground covered with snow all the time. Yesterday my catle went away, and I took old father Harper home. Thursday we finished halling saw stocks. We halled 81. I have five hay stacks. Feed is very scarce. The snow has a great crust on so that you can hardly get about.

Feb, 12th, 1856, Tuesday—It is very stormy and partly clear. When I last wrote it was very cold. It kept cold til Tuesday. It was the coldest I ever felt. Then it got more moderate. Last Sunday I went to preaching in the sleigh.

Feb, 17th, 1856, Sunday—It is partly cloudy and snowing some. It is very stormy. It has been snowing for three days and thawing some. Feed is very scarce. It is hard getting about.

Feb, 24th, 1856, Sunday—It is partly clear and cold. It has been thawing for three days. Yesterday it rained. The snow is now about knee deep. Last Sunday it drifted powerfully. Feed is very scarce. I have three butts of stacks.

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